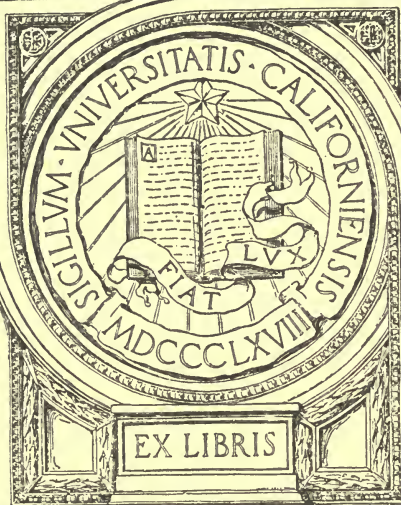


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EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF BUFFALO

By MRS. JULIA F. SNOW

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READ BEFORE THE BUFFALO HISTORICAL SOCIETY
MAY 19, 1908.¹

By MRS. JULIA F. SNOW

Being only a "snapper up of unconsidered trifles," and no historian, merely a story-teller, and not much of that, I give no dates; only suggestions of period.

One of the first things which I remember was a balloon ascension from Niagara Square. The family of my father, James Miller, including my very small self and some "friends," saw it from the roof of my father's house.² It stood on the corner of Main and Mohawk streets, now occupied by Hens & Kelly's department store. It was a two-and-one-half story brick house, a good one for the time. The roof had a low brick wall all around it to protect its visitors, and as there were no houses between it and Niagara Square, the view was uninterrupted (please bear this point in mind).

The day was fine and warm, and the rest of the party much interested in what they were to see. I only enjoyed being up so high, and feeling the wind and sun, and the

1. Also read before the Twentieth Century Club of Buffalo, March 11, 1908. This explains certain allusions in the text.

2. For a picture of this house see Buffalo Historical Society Publications, vol. XVI, p. 308.

sense of life and freedom. When the thing really went up, I thought it was a house blown away, which seems natural enough, after all. But my real enjoyment of the situation came afterward, and for several days I stole off, opened the roof door, and greatly appreciated being "up so high" with no one to watch me.

At last I was missed; my haunt discovered; a sound admonition followed, also the padlocking of the roof door. This was my first great deprivation. Years afterward I was again on the roof, but it wasn't interesting. There were houses, or something in the way.

From those same garret windows (I had the attic for a play-room) I could look far up Delaware avenue, nearly to Tupper street, and see the domed roof of Doctor Johnson's cottage, afterward the dwelling of the Buffalo Seminary, and which is still standing, as it was rebuilt after its fire. I stood at that garret window and saw it burn, and watched the domed metal roof fall in with a wonderful shower of colored fire and sparks. (And, excepting this one, for many years there were almost *no* houses on Delaware street below Allen.)

But long before this calamity happened, it was my greatest privilege to be allowed to walk up there with my sister Harriet (afterward Mrs. R. G. Snow), who was a great friend of Frances Lord, one of the Johnson and Lord family, and while the girls chatted, I was privileged to roam the beautiful garden, look into the fish pond, and long for a glimpse of the shy little deer, said to be enclosed in a forbidden thicket. I have never since seen anything more charming, and it has been a keen regret of my life that this delightful little park could not have been kept as one of the pretty breathing places of the city, especially as it was of some historic interest, having been the resi-

dence of the first mayor of the young city, Doctor Ebenezer Johnson.

“What fools these mortals be !”

Early Buffalo was, as all know, laid out on grand lines by Joseph Ellicott, assisted, it is said, by L’Enfant, the designer of the city of Washington, D. C. Buffalo men combined these spacious and splendid plans and the important location of the city at the junction of Lake Erie, Niagara River, and Buffalo Creek, lured speculators and promised them great fortunes from corner lots, and, indeed, all land investments. They came, they saw, they speculated on the possibilities, and merrily spent all that they expected to make, when, like a flash, came the collapse of 1837, and the financial ruin was assisted and completed by the forgeries of Benjamin Rathbun. It was a city of dreams and had a rude awakening. None escaped, some were crushed, all injured, all suffered.

But most of them were plain people, and after they got over the shock of finding that they were not millionaires after all, they went to work, saved the wreckage, and the town survived.

Then two more things happened, and of national as well as local importance. A great revival of religion swept over the country in the early forties (and earlier), like that of the days of Huss and Luther, of Latimer, and of the Wesleys. Men had felt the want of something more and better than money in the past few years, and knew themselves, actually as well as technically, sinners in need of divine help. Finney and Burchard preached, the people prayed, churches, halls, school houses were filled, and meetings held in private houses ; converts were swept into churches of all denominations, as if by a rising flood. In time it passed, but the great revival will be remembered in the history of the churches by

their increased number and renewed spiritual life. And so, the way cleared for the great temperance movement under John B. Gough, in the forties, and once more the crowds gathered to hear the great apostle of temperance. I am not sure, but I think that it was nearly coeval with the great Father Mathew temperance crusade in Ireland.¹ It went like wildfire over the country. Even sweet cider was banished from a mince pie, and to offer a glass of wine was a crime. New Year's tables banished the decanters, and the spirits, if allowed at all, were kept on the medicine shelf.

These three important events transformed Buffalo from a city of speculators and bankrupts, a town of spendthrifts and high livers, of merry, thoughtless (but most agreeable) men and women, to a serious, respectable, and rather slow and staid community.

Immigration began to increase; work was plenty, even if wages were low, and the town grew slowly but steadily. The Erie Canal acted with the lake commerce, and in time railroads were built and connected all over the country. But never again (scarcely even now) was the town to feel the careless joyousness of its early days of speculation, when all went after the Golden Fleece, and were themselves so thoroughly fleeced. We were never an "unco guid" community, but we were the better, as a town, for those days of reformation, and never again went wild as before this date. And it is of this Buffalo that I have my earliest recollections.

In those early days, as now, there were fierce gales blowing sometimes down Lake Erie, and as the stone storm pier was not what it is at present, and there was no breakwater to check the force of the waves, they swept up over the flats and low-lying land below Exchange street and thereabouts.

1. Theobald Mathew, known as "Father Mathew," the Irish temperance reformer, began his temperance crusade in 1838. He made a tour in the United States, 1849-51. The temperance work of John B. Gough began in 1842.

I remember one of two or three such gales, but not its date.¹ The wind had blown two days and two nights, and the waters had come up over the "flats" to Michigan street, and nearly to Seneca. The poor little shanties, which studded that district, were blown down and swept away. Many people were drowned and many more were made homeless. With the third morning the gale subsided, and the rescue work went on. The drowned people were carried to the Court House (this was a very pretty colonial building), standing behind Lafayette Park, on the spot where now the Public Library stands. There was much excitement about town. The rescued but homeless ones were brought to the "market" (a fair-sized brick building standing on Mohawk street, corner of Pearl, site now occupied by the older building of the Y. M. C. A.) and were quartered in its basement. This edifice had also a strong room, called the "Watch House," for drunk and disorderly persons under arrest, and this being opposite the rear of our home, afforded many interesting points of observation. I was not allowed to see the drowned people (although some of my little mates were), but as a compensation I was permitted to carry one of the baskets of comforts to the rescued party. One woman, aged nearly one hundred, had been pulled out of the window of a floating house, and was wailing in a corner over what she had lost, and there were children of my own age, and people of all ages. I was very sorry for them, and it was long before I connected the disappearance of certain favorite garments—notably my little blue silk hood—with my mother's and sister's benevolence, to my own sincere regret. There were many great gales, but this was my first knowledge of the awful power of wind and water.

This building, the old Market, was fairly well built of

1. The reference is probably to the gale and flood of Oct. 18, 1844.

brick, and on its roof was a fire alarm bell, of the most appalling power of sound and of most dolorous expression. It was afterward transferred to a bell tower, but has since disappeared. When the first bang! bang! bang! bang! started, it felt to me as if each stroke drove an icicle of fear into my heart. I never got used to it. These were the days of volunteer firemen, and the reward of seven years of volunteer service was exemption from jury or military service. We had an engine house on Genesee street, just in its rear, and an engine and hose cart, and at the first sound the volunteers left house and home, bride and bairn, helmet on head, buckling the fire belt, and rushing for the engines. The householder tried to find out where the fire was, and looked to his own leather fire buckets, two of which were required to be kept in readiness by every householder. As all the firemen were volunteers, neighbors, friends, and men of our own families, we lived in fire companies, and we heard constantly of fires. But, after all, fires were not as numerous or as destructive as might have been expected in a small town, mostly of wood and with a limited water supply. Every one was careful of their own fires. My mother greatly feared fire, and I never went to bed without a charge about fire and light, and directions to keep ready my warm gown and shoes (not slippers), and where to go if we were burned out, and full instructions what to save, and to be sure to use the pillow cases to carry away valuables. It wasn't a bad idea either, to give us the little fire drill, especially as we never had a fire,

I should have mentioned that the Market building was afterward used as an arsenal and State armory; for many years the flag floated from it on legal holidays. I made a drawing of it, flag and all, of which I was very proud.

The location of my father's house, on the corner of Main

and Mohawk streets (now Hens & Kelly's department store, as I have said), was most advantageous as a post of observation for sightseeing. The popularity of the family was immense, on occasion of Fourth of July celebrations, firemen's parades, election parades, and torchlight processions, and, best of all, the "caravans," which was what we called the parades of menageries and circuses; often two or three elephants and camels and cages and horses and ponies and spangled riders. We sometimes went to see "this unrivalled collection of wild animals," and once I rode in a howdah on the elephant's back, which nearly frightened the life out of me as I stepped on his warm, soft head, and I fear unto death the sight of an elephant to this day.

The large lot now occupied by the Garden Theater, and formerly by the rink, corner Pearl and Niagara, was a favorite ground for circuses and animal shows. At one time I lived on Church street with Doctor and Mrs. R. G. Snow (my sister Harriet), and their house went back nearly to that lot. We could get glimpses of the performance at night, when lamps were lighted, and hear music, and often frightful animal noises. One hot night a sharp thunder and wind storm came on and the tent blew down, and some of the cages were upset with a great noise and confusion. When things were put to rights and the storm over, it was found that the elephant and camel were missing. It isn't easy to really lose an elephant. The two had philandered off together, and the elephant had pushed down a fence and they were peacefully eating cabbages together in a poor man's garden near where the City Hall now stands, and the circus men gave him a fifty-dollar bill, which cured his fright, fences, and cabbages all at once.

I really think that Buffalo has always had a real genius for processions and parades, even to the year just passed,

when I consider that of the McKinley day and Old Home week. The possession of that garden and fence, and five front windows and front door of our house was better than any reserved box in a theater. It was a liberal education to see those "passing shows."

Another privilege of the location was being near the "park," as we called the grassy plot, now Lafayette Square, where stands the Soldiers' Monument. It was only a fenced square, but with many fine trees, some of these of forest growth, and sometimes the grass was cut, not often. On one occasion it was used as the camping ground for "Company D, City Guards." The tents had been going up all day in neat, white rows, and in regular streets. My parents and sisters were invited to visit the "camp," and as the whole family went, they took the "child" along. It was a fine, warm, moonlight evening, I remember. The party was met at the gate by Lieutenant Thomas C. Welch, who, I think, must have been the officer of the day. Do you realize what an elegant being is a handsome young officer in full uniform? And to have the privilege of speaking to him, of really being under his charge, and be in no danger of his sharp sword, nor of the bright bayonet of the sentry! Ah! What bliss!

The little park had a history of its own. Under those trees the citizens were addressed by many and most distinguished men, and among them were John Quincy Adams, Martin Van Buren, Henry Clay, and Daniel Webster. Many were the times of reading the Declaration of Independence and of Fourth of July orations, and more important occasions than I can remember, and always the bursts of martial music, the strains of "Hail! Columbia!" and "The Star-Spangled Banner," and the pert little tattoo of "Yankee Doodle" with the drum and fife.

Niagara Square was a most important locality, surrounded by its border of fine dwellings, and nestling in verdure of fine old trees. And now look at it ! ! !

What a pity it is that they graded these squares and cut down the best trees ! It will take a century to replace them. Pity that those who needlessly cut down a fine tree could not be shut up till another grows to the same size !

And speaking of trees, there was a time when the artistic and commercial value of trees was so highly appreciated that there was formed a society calling themselves "The Tree Planters," of which my brother-in-law, Mr. Manchester, was a prominent member. They pledged themselves to see that 1,000 trees were yearly planted in Buffalo, and as the society existed twenty years, those 20,000 trees made Buffalo the city of foliage that it is today ; and down with the caterpillars which destroy them, and the builders who do not protect them !

There were then many groups of good houses but no exclusively fashionable streets. Swan, Seneca, South and North Division, and a few on Eagle and even Church, many on Washington and Mohawk. And it was about this time that Delaware avenue was laid out upon its present plan, and which has made it the most beautiful street I ever saw, in any part of the world. It was planned with ample drives, wide sidewalks, and four rows of fine trees with broad grassy spaces between them. My brother-in-law, Judge Albert Baker, being an alderman at that time, greatly assisted in the adoption of the plan for this splendid boulevard, and as the daughters of these two men—Mr. Manchester and Judge Baker—are present today,¹ I think that their children may be glad that the memories of their fathers are still kept green in this excellent fashion.

1. Twentieth Century Club, March 11, 1908.

It has been said often that Buffalo never was a real city; that there was nothing metropolitan about it; that it was only a big village. Well, it isn't a metropolis. We don't really need many metropolii, and a great village isn't the worst thing it can be. Buffalo began by having all its dwellings, both small and great, detached, and in gardens and lawns, and, as the fashion seemed good to us, we kept on. The few "blocks" were not popular. The Keeler Block on Swan, and Kissam on Mohawk, the Darrow on Washington; were expensive, inconvenient, and unlighted. A Buffalonian must have light and air. Gardens were a passion, and existed even on the business streets. When I was a very small child I was taken to see a lovely rose garden surrounding a fine residence, corner of Exchange and Main streets, opposite Mansion hotel. It was the home of Mons. Alphonse Le Couteulx. Soon after, the space being needed for business buildings, the garden was obliterated, and my father and I were made happy by a load of its rose bushes, which I loved and tended till our garden shared the same fate.

There were many gardens on Main street, extending from the one I have mentioned, far, far uptown. One fine one was on the corner of Main and Eagle, where Miller's offices are (or were a year ago). It was owned by Mr. Bela D. Coe, who removed to York street, then the city limit, now Porter avenue, southeast corner of Niagara street, where he lived many years, in that fine old stone mansion. The premises have long been the home of Mr. Porter Thompson. McArthur (prince of confectioners and incarnation of Santa Claus) purchased the Main and Eagle street property, and built a pavilion for entertainments in its pretty garden, which he surrounded with booths and colored lamps. Many interesting entertainments took place there, for we

had no large fine hall then. General Tom Thumb held his receptions there, and I saw him. He was a pleasant little fellow and no fool either, and if he was a dwarf, he was the most famous one in the world. The Horticultural Society held their monthly summer exhibitions there. The flowers were fine and some of the girls were pretty, and they were occasions of social value and attraction, and flowers were sold at auction, for the benefit of the Horticultural Society for improvement of gardens. Up town was our own, sweet, old-fashioned garden, where grew every lovely old-fashioned flower which could take care of itself with our unskilled attendance. Our fruit, too, deserved mention. The boys knew it, but they didn't mention it. I never saw such cherries except on a lady's hat, nor such plums: Green Gage, Reine Claude, red egg plums, and white magnum bonum plums, just resting on top of a common-sized tumbler. Somehow, I don't care much now for cherries or plums.

Just here I want to say a word for the birds in the old garden, for we did have singing birds before the sparrow invasion. My father, loving all living things, was always putting up boxes and little houses for wrens. For martins, a little house just under the eaves.

We had swallows—both barn and chimney swallows—and wrens, and song sparrows, and bluebirds, and bluejays, and the cedar bird with its pointed feather cap and tip of red wax on its wing, and orchard orioles, and red-wing blackbird (one year a Baltimore oriole), and yellow birds, and woodpeckers, and humming birds, and maybe others. Robins did not come to Buffalo till about the fifties. I used to wish I could see a robin, having heard of the English robin, and when I saw the big awkward, greedy thrush, with an orange breast and unmelodious chirp I was much disap-

pointed, and have always been. He is an imposter, and only a homesick Englishman could let him masquerade as the pretty robin redbreast, which really is a finch. Sometimes owls visited us and hawks, too, but all fled before the ugly and ubiquitous sparrow.

There was another pretty garden, belonging to really our nearest neighbors, Judge Thomas C. Love; site now occupied by new Y. M. C. A. building. This was the early home of Mrs. Walter Cary and her sisters and brother. It was taken down many, many years ago, and the cellar left vacant. My father one day met Judge Love and asked him why he waited so long before building. "The real reason is, Miller, that my plans are really incompatible with their execution. I want large rooms and plenty of them, and I am determined not to have a large house under any circumstances." And so the house was not built, but children skated on the ice in the vacant cellar for years, till the lot was sold. John S. Noyes built a residence there which he sold afterward to Philip Becker, the mayor at that time, and it is now occupied by the new Y. M. C. A.

The little triangle opposite is now improved and planted and grassed, and Doctor Irving Snow did it, a year or two ago—and you'd wonder at the amount of red tape which hindered it, although he paid all expenses out of his own pocket.

Also, there were orchards up Main street. One on the corner of Allen and Main (and covering the very ground where we stand today—Twentieth Century Club), good apples, too. Some of the trees are hidden away in the gardens and yards now. It was owned by Mr. William Smith. I think that some of his sons or heirs still own portions of this land. Just above Mr. Smith's garden and orchard was the regimental barracks and drill ground, and

Col. Bankhead occupied the house (then fronting toward Main street), now the home of Mr. Ansley Wilcox, where President Roosevelt took the oath of office on the death of President McKinley. It was a great treat to walk up Main street holding my father's hand and see the drills, and it is said that the officers were socially very popular. The Wilcox house is all now remaining of that military occupation.

There was a good orchard, too, on the corner of Broadway (then Batavia street) and Washington, where the Buffalo Savings Bank and Grosvenor Library used to stand, opposite Public Library. Good apples, and great fun running and sliding down hill. It was first owned and occupied by M. Lester Brace, once our sheriff. Misses Hills' school was afterward in this house.¹ The grounds above North street, then the city limit on the north, was occupied largely by nurseries of fruit trees and shrubs, by Mr. William Hodge and Mr. John Bryant and his three sons. No, not any other Bryant. There are four distinct and unrelated families of the name in Buffalo. The Bryant nurseries reached nearly to Cold Spring, a long walk for me in those days. And there were many lovely gardens all over town. Mr. and Mrs. Ebenezer Day had a fine one on Main street where Hoddick's art store stands. Every sweet and scented thing grew there, and many were the fragrant loads given me by the generous owners. I think Mr. David F. Day learned his love of botany from his mother's garden. There was a fine one on Niagara street, too, around the Root mansion, a colonial house of some pretension, and it is said that one of the first May parties for which Buffalo was

1. The house referred to was built about 1818 by Jonas Harrison, Collector of Customs for the District of Niagara, 1813 to about 1819. It was owned and occupied by Sheldon Thompson, 1830-1851. After that date the Misses Hills occupied it for their school until 1865, when it was torn down. See Buffalo Historical Society Publications, vol. XVI, pp. 364-5.

afterward famous, was held there on its portico, draped and furnished as a throne, and Miss Harriet Day was queen. But that was long before my time; I am talking of gardens just now.

In the very earliest days of Buffalo, as soon as possible after the beginning of its rebuilding, after the invasion of British and Indians, stood on the corner of Mohawk and Delaware a plain wood house in a lovely garden, where things really grew and blossomed. The family were among those who fled from the burning village with one, the oldest child. They came back, rebuilt a home, and many children were born to them. The best-known son was Cyrenius Bristol, chemist and druggist, maker of the famous extract of sarsaparilla, well known to our childhood. The young men and girls of this family were life-long friends of my family. I saw the sole surviving daughter and member last week. She is ninety-one years old; the smallest lady living, much less than five feet in height, and still, now as always and ever, the very embodiment of sweetness, neatness, and love, "and of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Miss Elizabeth Bristol must be, I think, the oldest native-born woman of the city of Buffalo, and of a continuous residence. Continuous! I should think so! I often take her to drive, and it occurred to me, one day last September, before taking her to the Park, to ask her where she would like to go. "If I could go down the whole of Main street; I haven't been down in twenty-five years!"

It chanced to be the day (and a fine one) when decorations were out for the coming Old Home week, and I never saw any one enjoy anything more, for our dear little friend is no recluse. Her little parlor (now 175 Fargo avenue) is almost daily visited by old friends, and they are some of the best people of Buffalo, too. (I could tell some delightful

Cranford-y stories, but I won't. I've sworn not to be personal this morning.) But her window was full of most flourishing house plants, and it seemed that they grew as they could grow for no one else.

Speaking of May parties, before I go any further I must speak of this peculiar institution of an earlier Buffalo. It began long before I was born, and the first one I saw was from the altitude of my father's shoulder. I do not clearly remember it, but it was in a garden, and a throne of evergreens on the grass, and little girls in white and crowns of flowers on their heads, and was said to be in the grounds of Judge Bennett on Eagle street, now Bennett Park, I think.

But one that I do remember was given by Miss Porter's school. I am going to talk of schools by and by. This is about the May party. The girls of Miss Porter's school elected, as their Queen of May, Miss Mary Wells, daughter of Henry Wells, of Wells-Fargo Express Company, the man who built and endowed Wells College at Aurora, Cayuga county, N. Y., where were sent some Buffalo girls, notably Frances Folsom, afterward Mrs. Cleveland.

This May party was held in Johnson's Park, of which I have spoken before. The throne was reared on the grass and built of evergreens, under the fine old trees, some of them still standing. The queen mother, who crowned the queen, was Miss Cornelia Daly. The scepter was presented by "Flora," the cake by the grand chamberlain, I think Mr. Rumsey, and a great number of flower girls and attendants, and a procession including all the school girls and a few of their friends by invitation and as guests, in white and wreaths, of course, all reciting more or less poetry, or singing in chorus.

I was not a member of Miss Porter's school at this time, but was a guest by invitation. Never have I seen anything

lovelier or sweeter than Queen Mary and her court. The day was fine and warm and an exceptionally pleasant one; our May weather is and was so uncertain that when it became common to hold these parties in June they went into disuse. For they could not be the real thing, after all, in June, could they? Although the practice struggled on spasmodically for years and was kept up in the public schools much longer than in other ways.

Afterward, when I was a pupil of Miss Porter's school, a friendship grew up between Miss Mary Wells, the lovely May Queen, and her devoted servant and lover, who speaks to you today, which lasted most of our lives. The Wells family went to Aurora, Cayuga county, to live, where Mary soon married, and lived long and died, as she had lived, a most sweet lady.

Speaking of schools (now I have got my work cut out!), Buffalo has had her own troubles with schools in the past. I hope they are over. The public schools in early days were small and poor in teaching and attendance. There were a good many small schools of from a dozen to twenty or thirty pupils, taught by ladies more or less well calculated for their work. Some pretty good, some rather funny. Boys and girls went together, a sort of infant school (not kindergarten, by any means), for the children were not encouraged to play much, and they really learned some things. I don't remember the names of many of these teachers. One was Miss Dana, near St. Joseph's Cathedral, Miss Cotton, Mrs. Dean, and Miss Brush, and I forget the rest, all but the one where I went. It was so different from any one else I must tell you of it presently.

At this period of Buffalo's history a strong Franco-American flavor prevailed; and at dates corresponding to the many European revolutions and attempts at such, came

multitudes of accomplished exiles, French, Polish, Russian, and a few Germans. Some succeeded in bringing money to invest, as in the case of Mons. Louis Etienne Le Couteulx de Caumont and his two sons, William and Alphonse, and their wives. Others escaped only with life and accomplishments, others with life, capable hands, and no accomplishments. As there was a taste for languages in some of my family, we came to know some of them. Leopold and Eugene Dovillier taught French and drawing, and, I think, music as well, and superbly, too. A fascinating Pole, one Wingerski, taught dancing. Zuboff, a Russian, music; and there were others. There was Victor Tiphaine, wines, etc., etc., and the Damainvilles, Miss Marie Damainville, musician, and our well-beloved teacher, Mons. Malhoubie,—whom you must remember. Some went into business—wines, millinery, or music. Some married and settled here. Some went home when it was safe to do so, and we knew them no more. It was always easy to get a fine teacher of any and all accomplishments. What we really needed was a good, sensible, English school, with a good, sensible American teacher, and not so much nonsense about it.

For a few years there was a school for young ladies taught by Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Williams, in the old Daly house on Pearl street, a fine residence in the rear of Sweeney's department store. The school was a rather pretentious, dressy affair, and made much of its French teaching, I remember hearing said. But it died, I don't know how, and a new school was opened in its rooms, taught by Miss Sarah Porter, sister of Noah Porter, LL. D., and president of Yale College. It was largely under the patronage of the First Presbyterian Church, although not at all sectarian. Later it was moved to Eagle street, in a house

afterward Bloomer's restaurant, and still later occupied by Gething & Co., tailors. Miss Porter was assisted by her sister, Miss Elizabeth Porter, and by Miss Mary Norton, afterward Mrs. Mary Thompson, and well known to most of us; also her sister, Miss Elizabeth Norton. This was the staff. There were two departments and four teachers, and forty or more young girls from ten to eighteen. Miss Porter was a very good teacher and had the best possible influence on her girls in every way. Miss Norton taught mathematics, and being younger than some of her pupils, whom she had known all her life, I am afraid she had a hard time. In later years I knew her well, and loved her much all the rest of her life. Miss Porter taught about four years in all, maybe more. When she had the offer of the Farmington school, she promptly accepted it, and left us in the middle of the school year, which was a pity. I have said this much, for the fame of the Farmington school so far overshadowed the Buffalo school that I have been solemnly assured that she never taught here. But she did, and some of us are alive to tell of it, and, perhaps, are present on this occasion.

There were, of course, other private schools. The Misses Langdon, the Misses Hills, and later the Buffalo Seminary, of which we all know, and also boys' schools—Mr. Briggs, the Heathcote, etc., later on.

But at the time of Miss Porter's departure, there were no very good private schools, and there was a high tide in favor of public schools and free education—Horace Mann, and all that sort of thing.

Mr. Fillmore was identified with that movement. A step was taken in the direction of higher education, co-education, and all that, and a third department of the public schools was inaugurated on the third floor of Public School

No. 7, on South Division street near Ellicott. It was a step toward the high school. Mr. Hadley and Miss Radley were the teachers. Everybody sent his children there, all sorts and almost all ages, until nearly two hundred were enrolled. The two teachers did their best, but they had their hands full. Some of us did learn, but very soon my wise parents decided that headaches and rapid growth made such a crowded school undesirable, and I was taken out. Not unprofitably, either, for I learned to keep house, to cook, to sew, and to read aloud, and in the situation (for life) which I ultimately accepted, these accomplishments were all required. Speaking of public schools, I am going to tell a real story about them. Among our good neighbors, from my earliest knowledge, were Hon. Millard Fillmore and family. My parents knew them, my elder sisters were well acquainted with them, and also their younger brothers and sisters. They had a daughter of my own age, and a son some years older. I knew Abbie Fillmore and loved her better than any girl I ever knew. And so, it chanced when we were little girls, that we talked about what we would do when we were grown up. Mr. Fillmore had been a Member of Congress for several terms and was called a rising man, and as I have said, he was interested in public schools, and, no doubt, there had been talk about it in the family before Abbie, and this is what she said:

"When I am grown up I am going to be a teacher. I'd rather do it than anything else."

"But, when you're grown up, they won't let you."

"Why not?"

"Because my father says that your father is going to be President some day. The President's daughter mustn't teach school."

"Oh pshaw! He won't be President, and I will teach."

"Well, if you teach school, I am coming to school to you, even if I am ever so old, or even married."

"And if my father is President, I'll invite you to visit me at the White House."

There was, indeed, but little prospect of either event, but we solemnly promised, as children do.

And the odd part of it, both promises were kept, and this was the way of it. She was sent away to Mr. and Mrs. Sedgwick's school at Lenox, Mass, for several years, and while Mr. Fillmore was State (New York State) comptroller she entered and graduated from the State Normal School at Albany. Afterward, complying with the requirement of at least one term of teaching from a State normal graduate, a place was made for her in the third department, Public School No. 10, it being the second and the newest and best of the third departments, and at once I entered the school, for she insisted on my doing so, as she had done her part.

She taught but one term, but I kept on to the end of the year and ended up with typhoid fever. I never went back to school. Meanwhile, Mr. Fillmore was elected Vice-president, and the President, General Taylor, died, and Mr. Fillmore became President, and in the last year of his presidency my invitation came, and I made my visit at the White House. Thus it came about that each of us lived in her own *château d'Espagne*.

She was far too young for a teacher in French and rhetoric, which she did teach to boys and girls older than herself. A very good French class, too. So this obstinate little girl obtained and kept the place, and it has never been vacant since, and hers was the first class in a foreign language taught in a public school in Buffalo. The vacancy caused by Miss Fillmore's resignation was filled by my sister,

Harriet Miller, until her marriage to Doctor R. G. Snow, in 1854.

That school, third department, Public School No. 10, was a very peculiar school, and the principal, Ephraim Cook, was a very peculiar man. He did teach well, however, and in his own way, lecturing much, questioning little, with little method, no discipline, and no restraint. He was especially good at chemistry and book-keeping. We did learn some things, and had as good a time as we wanted, much like a country academy. I made some life-long friendships and, on the whole, we got into much less mischief than might have been expected, showing that American boys and girls can be trusted. In the spring, the big boys all went to work, mostly as book-keepers and clerks on the docks, and in the Great Lakes trade, the important industry of that time, and all earned a living before they were twenty, and if one of them went to college, I never knew it. Most of the girls married young and happily and "settled down" into excellent wives and mothers. You knew some of us, for a few of us are still living.

I have often wondered if there was ever as queer a little school as the one I was first sent to. It was under the care of Mrs. Nancy L. Brodhead, a prim, sweet, ladylike New England woman. It was kept in an old-fashioned, plain little wooden house on Washington street, near Huron. She had the best heart and the best intentions in the world. We learned a little and learned no harm. Boys and girls together, of course. Some were learning the alphabet, and to read, and you could have a book and study anything you could hear of. Some very good families were represented. Four or five little Sidways (Mr. Franklin Sidway, Senior, was one), four or five Clintons, and others. Those who could read, read every day, spelled twice a day, and did

sums, or recited the multiplication table in concert, and had American history and geography. The little chaps, learning the alphabet, were often overcome by this tax on their intellects, and they took naps on the benches and sometimes rolled off on the floor.

We had a writing lesson every day, and I ought to write a better hand, for she wrote beautifully. Once a week we had little compositions and once a week needlework and drawing or water-color painting, and every day we had American history and English grammar. From 9 to 12, from 2 to 4, no recess, no vacations, except a week in spring for housecleaning. One grind, the year round. The little house had school in the parlor, and had a sitting room with a dark bedroom in the rear of it, where once (when seized with a dreadful headache) I was put to bed, and kept till it was over. A kitchen (where nothing was ever doing or out of place, all being done before breakfast) and a garret bedroom. Mr. Brodhead sat still in the little back room, never going out, never working, always reading and teaching his big boy, who never went to school or played with us, and here and thus did this sweet, bright woman live and work for forty years. Her husband died, her son became an excellent teacher of languages in the high school, and with classes in English (for Germans), German, French, Greek and Latin. I do not think she ever went into a neighbor's house or any house, but once to my mother's to tea; sometimes to church; with no friends, no associates, no amusements, for all of which there was no need, for *I* would not be put off, and she might have had many and better friends than I. It was only New England independence and reserve, for she was sweet to the very last. Finally, the land under the old house being required for rebuilding, they moved. She fell ill, and greatly desired my son, who was

beginning to practice medicine, to attend her, which he faithfully did. She died in my arms, aged much past eighty. And her son lived alone and died alone in the house some years later. Now, wasn't this a pitiful waste of splendid material? For if ever there was a city full of the true Christ spirit of neighborliness, it was Buffalo, then, later, and always.

This was in part a necessity. We must be neighborly to live at all. For in those days there were no nurses, except for confinement cases, no trained nurses at all, no hospitals; possibly a pest-house, for the rare cases of small-pox, and if a neighbor were ill, the neighbors assisted the family in caring for the sick. The doctors knew much then of nursing, and instructed one in caring for the sick, and cooking for them, and gave directions for the care of the sick, and very frequently the sick recovered. The neighbors cared for the dead, and the undertaker did only his unavoidable work. And with those who sorrowed and suffered, the neighbor was always present. My mother and sisters and I have done for our neighbors, all and everything that could be done, by one person for another. We shared in simple ways whatever we had with the needy (even with our friends, and with the "ninety and nine which went not astray"). Nowadays, these are often neglected for the case of the interesting and sinful hundredth man. Now it is not so in all cities, towns, and villages. To be sure our population was largely homogeneous. There were but few Germans or Irish or foreigners of any kind in the earliest days of Buffalo.

My mother was one of the quietest, most unassuming women I ever knew, but she was always sent for in case of sudden illness or accident, when intelligence, fortitude, and good sense, with self-possession were needed to help in

emergencies. Being a solitary child, so much the youngest as to lack companionship in my own family, I was much with my mother, and often assisted at her clinics. Sometimes I helped carry a basket, sometimes I just crept along, quietly, satisfied not to be sent back, if discovered, and being discreet, I was ignored and trusted. In this way I was present at two cases of fits, two run-overs, one apoplexy, and one of a bean in the windpipe; most of them before I had ever even gone to school. In that last case, when I found that the knife was required, I fled. I think sometimes with great admiration of my quiet little mother, holding in her kind, strong arms, the screaming, choking, struggling child (whose mother wasn't of the slightest use) while the swollen bean was taken from the windpipe, and the child restored to life and strength. And she lived, and to be rather an old lady, too.

And there were no anaesthetics in those times either, no antiseptics, nor much of anything but fortitude, and more or less experience. I don't remember that my mother talked much of it, not very much about anything, for that matter. She only "did her duty as a neighbor." Some of my sisters were like her in these ways, doing neighborly work, not yet forgotten. All was given and taken in the spirit of Christian love. And further, we shared blessings and pleasures, as well as help and comfort. More than once I have known neighbors to buy, fit up, and present the deeds of a house and home to certain aged friends and their children, who might otherwise have come to want, perhaps the dreaded and dreadful Poor House, which would have been our great shame.

This unassuming care for poor and needy friends has always been characteristic of Buffalo, and of such is the kingdom of heaven.

I have thought that the command to love one's neighbor as one's self and also to love one's enemies and do good to those who despitefully use you is much simplified by being a thoroughly good neighbor. For such will not be likely to have enemies, and if any one despitefully uses one, the other neighbors will rise as an army with banners, and defend these good neighbors. I've seen it.

Another quality I have noticed—a rare and sweet trait in communities. I wonder if any of you have noticed it, for not every town is this way.

We have had our trials and our tragedies, and those great, great sorrows that come to all towns, and to many persons. And we had also the gift of golden silence, where speech might wound; of forgetfulness, when memory might injure; of faithful, loyal love and good will, and discretion, and faith, which suffers long and is kind. I have seen much of this, too. I hope our dear city may never lose these sweet characteristics with its increasing size and wealth.

In time, as the city grew in size and numbers, the need and the opportunity of organized charity became evident. We had had an orphan asylum for many years. We began a hospital, and in the days of the Civil War it was enlarged and improved. We undertook to train nurses for all sorts of illness. We organized in the later sixties the Home for the Friendless, which, starting without debt, and never, never having had a debt or a quarrel among its managers, became the mother of the Ladies' Hospital Association, the Ingleside Home, the Women's Christian Association, and the Women's Union, and other work arising from its suggestions and needs of the city. I don't want to get started about the Home for the Friendless, for I have been on its board from its first year, and when I get going about it, I

am much more eloquent than interesting. Besides, I have told it all before. And as all the charities were managed by women of all denominations, sectarian feeling is almost dead among us.

Schools were not our only means of education. We had always excellent newspapers; the *Commercial Advertiser* founded in the thirties by Hezekiah Salisbury and Bradford Manchester, was and is the best daily I know of, in its unvarying quality day after day, year after year, for many decades. "Age can not wither nor custom stale" its valuable and interesting qualities. We have other good papers, but the *Commercial* was our first love—well, that makes a difference, you know.

Although we lacked much, we had great privileges. We had no art gallery, and we might never have had one, had it not been for the faithful and unwearying work of our dear old friend Mr. Sellstedt; but we had the Young Men's Association, once the Buffalo Library Association, and after fifty or more years the old name has come back to it. But the Young Men's Association was a library, a lyceum, an art gallery (two or three pictures in the library rooms) and the Society of Natural Sciences, consisting of some choice corals and a few minerals on a shelf. At first it was lodged in rooms on South Division street (Ellicott Square now), and was in charge of Phineas Sargent, librarian, a man born for the occasion. I used often to go to the library with the seniors of the family, and be lifted up on the table while selections of books were made and to hear kindly words from the odd little librarian. And it must not be forgotten that in the forties and fifties *Harper's* and the *Atlantic* magazines were started, that Thackeray, Dickens, Bulwer, Reade, Holmes, Read, Hawthorne, Carlyle, Emerson, and Tennyson, Browning, Whittier, and Longfellow, and all the

shining host were writing, and that we were a city of readers, of talkers, of friends and visitors, men, women, and children of us. We had our large and convenient St. James' Hall, and our splendid union station was many years newer in those days.

Another educational privilege was Steele's book store; where was there ever such another? There the faithful among men gathered to read, to talk and discuss ideas and plans and projects, and at rare intervals to buy a book. Best of all (besides the library) was the lecture course of the Young Men's Association. In its yearly election, the best and most prominent citizens contended, and the office of president was only second to president of the United States of America. The governor of the State wasn't near it. The course of lectures, one every week, lasted from November to April, sometimes. Now and then one of our own men gave something of their own, and there were extra courses, of course. One of anatomy and physiology by Doctor Flint (the elder), one of chemistry by Prof. Hadley of Rochester, whose son was professor of chemistry at the Medical College, of Buffalo. Prof. Agassiz gave one or two courses; the literary course included Henry Ward Beecher, Emerson, Holmes, Bayard Taylor, Park Benjamin, Whipple, Starr King, George William Curtis, and others. We also had, later on, readings from Dickens and Thackeray, Fanny Kemble, and Charlotte Cushman.

They were attended by crowds—such crowds! and in rooms, the theater, and even the churches at times. They began at 7.30 and were over at 9, and there was time afterward for a home visit to talk it over, or an adjournment to French Paul's, or to McArthur's, or Van Kleek's, for coffee, oysters, or ice cream, and as early in the evening as that, no chaperones were needed (or wanted). There were no

fashion notes in next morning's paper, to tell of our little parties, and even if the neighbors did know of it, what of it? The combination of a fine lecture and Paul's coffee and cakes was as delightful as a theater party and the Iroquois now, and happened much oftener. We did have a theater on Eagle street, a fine one, too, for hearing; small, but sufficient, and good in every part. In these days appeared Forrest, McCready, the elder Booth, Charlotte Cushman, Hackett, and others. I used to hear the seniors speak of them. And about the time that I might have known more of it and them, Lola Montez dropped her unfortunate cigarette into a pile of rubbish and the Eagle street theater went up in flames. So, after all, we really depended most on the Young Men's Association. Sometimes we had the great privilege of meeting the distinguished lecturer, to be introduced, and even shake his illustrious hand. Of one of these great occasions I will tell a little story:

Doctor Bryant Burwell (father of Doctor George Burwell and grandfather of Doctor Glenny) was our family physician, and lived on the corner of Franklin and Mohawk in a fine house (still standing).¹ Doctor and Mrs. Burwell were very kind and hospitable to the young folks in the neighborhood. The Fillmore, Hall, Haven, Scott, Stuart, and Mayhew families, and many others, were our Franklin street neighbors at that time, and as Doctor Burwell was to entertain as his guest Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes, who was to lecture before the Y. M. A., the people of these families were invited to meet him at "tea"—(not tea and wafers, but a good tea, with oysters and tea biscuit, sliced cold tongue, and coffee and preserves, and cake), and afterward the party, with sundry additions of our special attendants, adjourned to the lecture hall. This one was in the

1. Taken down, January, 1913.

rear of the American Hotel (now Adam, Meldrum & Anderson Co. department store), and was reached from Main street by a long, narrow passage. We all sat together in one group directly in front of the lecturer, and the subject was, "Lectures and Lecturers."

"Lecture audiences," said Doctor Holmes, "invariably contain four persons—the sympathizing listener, the resisting listener, the man who goes to sleep, and the man who goes out."

Precisely at this moment a man came hurriedly in and whispered anxiously into Doctor Burwell's ear, who nodded rapidly, and instantly, as if it were the prompter's cue, *went out*. Most of the audience knew that Doctor Burwell was Doctor Holmes' entertainer, and all recognized the aptness of the illustration, and loud and long applause and laughter followed, in which Doctor Holmes heartily joined. We had just quieted down when the full force of the joke struck Hon. Mr. Albert H. Tracy, who burst into one of his big, rare laughs. Then all went off again, and it was long before quiet was restored. We laughed very easily in those days.

After the lecture was over, Mr. Fillmore, who was present, invited the party, including Doctor Holmes, to adjourn to his house, adding, I remember, Mr and Mrs. E. C. Sprague, and other friends from the audience. After a pleasant little visit, as we were about to depart, Doctor Burwell returned, looking tired enough.

"I owe you an apology, Doctor. It was a case of necessity; you know how it is yourself. I am sure I must have missed something very brilliant, for I heard the applause after I got into the street." Then, of course, we all laughed again, and explained, and—

"My dear," said Mrs. Burwell, "we were laughing at you. *You were the man who went out.*"

It was from the windows of Doctor Burwell's house that a group of us young people watched a procession headed by Mr. Fillmore, in a carriage with Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, as he made welcome the illustrious exile after the struggle for liberty with Austrian tyranny.

Those were dark days for the Hungarians. But most was obtained later for which they had struggled, in fact, if not in name. And very proud we were of our illustrious fellow-citizen and his guest, as we waved handkerchiefs, and received their courteous salutes.

Speaking of social life, we had from my very earliest recollections the charming custom of New Year's calls. I don't know when it began, but it came from our Dutch friends in New York. Christmas got but scant notice, except with very little children, and their stockings, but New Year's day was for all. It was a jolly custom and died hard. In my infancy and early childhood it was at its best. We lived in this house (and not at its best, either, but the only picture I have, which I show you),¹ in which all five of us sisters were married. I was much the youngest of five sisters, four being grown up and two about to be married. My sisters' fiances, and their friends came in crowds. Everybody knew everyone; and all the society was good society. The town was full of young men who were full of energy and hope, and my father's parlor was full from morning till night on this happy New Year. There was a great log fire burning in the large fireplace with its bright brasses. The windows were hung with heavy red curtains from great poles and rings, and the red carpet completely covered the floor. The fire had burned all night to insure a warm room and the table had been prepared the evening before. It was covered with the best linen, and the

1. The picture exhibited by Mrs. Snow when she read this paper is reproduced on page 308, vol. XVI of these Publications.

best china and glass were displayed. A cold roast turkey, piles of small buttered "light biscuit," and, I think, a boiled ham, big frosted cakes and bowls of doughnuts, and a pitcher of cider, and unlimited coffee from the rosebud china cups. Then there were nuts, raisins, and "mottoes," small candy drops of all hues wrapped in colored, fringed tissue paper, and enclosing also a couplet of most sentimental poetry. There were also for elders, decanters of Madeira, and many glasses. I remember well many of the guests, having my own favorites among those who "noticed the little sister." I think none are living now of those guests. There were many over a hundred visitors, and next day the other girls came over to interview my sisters or brag of *their* successes.

Of course, after the great temperance movement, and after the marriages and departure of my elder sisters, it did not seem so brilliant to us. But it survived to very recent years, and died hard. New Year's receptions now are very different in all ways, being large affairs, and perhaps in clubs, associations, or very large residences, etc. *I* do not expect calls any more, but maybe some one of the faithful *may* stray in, and I always put a loaf of frosted cake, and plates on the table, in the library corner, or at least a dish of bonbons, and the *ghosts* come back, in high stocks and tight overcoats, and the sleighbells jingle outside. "Happy New Year!" they call out. "Cold but seasonable. No, thank you! two hundred calls on my list—not sitting down anywhere!"

"The compliments of the season, Madam!" from the older men.

"Jolly custom, this; hope it will never go out. See our friends once a year at least!"

"Yes, certainly; I remember your coffee from year to year. Won't you eat a philopena with me? (This is a

double almond, and at next meeting the first one to cry out "philopena!" is entitled to a gift from the other, not to be declined under any circumstances.)

"What a lot of snow we've brought in! Never mind, New Year's comes only once a year! Happy New Year!"

The bells give a thrilling jingle—the ghosts are gone; and there is a *gas* fire in the grate with *artificial* coal, and the cake isn't even cut!—and—I wish there was a resurrection!

We had a pleasant custom, now extinct, in the sixties, "The Old Settlers' Festival." It was organized to raise money for the sick and wounded soldiers in the Civil War, and the Sanitary and Christian Commission, by Mrs. John C. Lord, Miss Lucy Lord, Mrs. Phelps, and many other prominent and influential women and men who had lived here a long time, or their parents had, and who had loved Buffalo.

The festival lasted four days and the organization held together about ten years.

There was a grand tea party in St. James' Hall, Eagle street, site of the Iroquois Hotel, seating hundreds of guests in old-fashioned dresses, caps and kerchiefs, canes and crutches, high stocks, and even ruffled shirts, and we younger women served tables with immense success and jollity. There was a "Singing School," "Choir Practice," "Spelling Down," a husking bee, quilting bee, and a New England kitchen, presided over by Mrs. Lord and Miss Lucy, who enacted an improvised play of simple country life in the character of a farmer's wife and her help, and wonderfully well done, too.

Once there was an evening of tableaux. One representing the burning of Buffalo, and the flying people, the refugees. It was too realistic, and was not repeated. It

lacked perspective. It was too near home, for some of the refugees or their families were present. And then a ball. Such a ball! Every old-fashioned or antique costume came out. The fiddlers played reels and jigs and "money musk," and "Fisher's hornpipe," and the dancing was *dancing*. How pretty some of the girls were in mother's or grandmother's dresses, high combs, and puffs, and rolled hair!

That, too, died. Those who did most, died or grew indifferent. So accounts were settled. Properties were stored away in Doctor Lord's attic, and the remaining funds distributed among the needy and respectable old citizens, "the ninety and nine which went not astray."

Prominent in this festival were the descendants of Mrs. Margaret St. John, widow of Gamaliel St. John, the heroine of the burning of Buffalo. She was the owner of the only house spared by the British, and owed it to her courage and policy in cooking an excellent dinner for the British officer. (I forget his name—we do not forget hers.)

This house stood next to my father's homestead lot, now occupied, as I have said, by Hens & Kelly's department store, and the site of her house is covered by Hanan's shoe store.¹ It has been said that it was where H. A. Meldrum's store now stands. That also, I think, was her property, but it was a small tavern and was burned. The cellar was vacant and grass-grown for years and years, and I have played in it, and dug caves in it, and I knew all about it.

Before I was born, the St. John family removed from that house; the numerous daughters were all married. But Mrs. St. John sometimes visited my mother, and I remember her stern, strong face, exactly like her portrait in the Historical Society. Her daughters were Mrs. Thomas Foote,

1. No. 476 Main street. The Niagara Frontier Landmarks Association, to mark the site of the St. John house, placed a tablet at No. 460 Main street. Its removal to 476, or thereabouts, would bring it closer to the site of the house.

Mrs. Parnell Sidway, Mrs. Fiske, Mrs. Bemis, Mrs. Skinner, and I think one married Judge Wilkeson—(his first wife)—and two sons, Doctor John St. John, and Orson St. John. You know some of these descendants, especially Frank Sidway's family, who have always resided here; also Doctor Barnard Bartow, grandson of Mrs. Bemis.

You are tired of all this twaddle, or I'd tell you of my first party in the Sidway house on Hudson and Tenth streets, the old Barker house¹ (quite a grand one), and how I wore a new white frock and blue ribbons, and it being a distance, and the guests small, the carriage was sent for us. After I was grown up, I went to other parties in that house, but, of course, they could not compare with this one. For we did have parties and visits and friends—most delightful ones, too, then—although by no means every day and all the time.

Sometimes some of the dear young people ask me this question: "Didn't you have better times than we do, more fun?" "Mother says *she* did."

Well, your mothers and I were *young*, and youth is the great factor in a good time, and youth is a good time, of itself.

It was very different. We had no clubs, no art gallery, and societies, *no park*, few drives, no daylight festivities, no gas, no bath-rooms, no great water supply, only candles and lamps, occasional balls and sleigh rides. All very occasional, once a week or once a fortnight in winter; few picnics;—no trolleys, no street cars, nor omnibuses, few and very expensive hacks, and very few private carriages. We had much to do and we did it. No telegraphs, no telephones, no ocean cables, no magazines but *Knickerbocker* and *Graham's* and *Godey's Ladies' Book*, although the day was dawning

1. See vol. XVI of these Publications, pp. 441-454.

for magazines and the best of them, too. Housework, housekeeping, care of sick, old folks and young children (of the kitchen girls, very many were raw from emigrant ships), dressmaking at home with or without help, gardening, care of silver (a little of it), but much brass, and we were busy most of the day. But when all was done, and the tea was over, and the sweet summer twilight or cozy, comfortable winter evening came on, we each put on a pretty dress, and brushed and braided or curled our hair and received our evening visitors, sometimes many, sometimes few, or, best of all, only *one*. We made it a point not to be tired, *not* to own that we were ever really busy, only that we had a few pleasant little things to do (which was true, if one only thought so). In the evening we assumed an attitude of absolute leisure. Perhaps we overdid it, but it avoided pressure and fidgets, and made for serenity and repose, the attitude of the period. And we certainly did have many friends and good times. And after all, it worked pretty well. Women may be judged as generals are, by results and successes, and judging by the women I see before me, their mothers brought them up pretty well after all, or maybe it was their grandmothers.

But what privileges *you* have! To begin with, the charming clubs, the beautiful parks (the garden went out with the invention of the lawn mower; and much prettier are the velvet lawns than our straggling hardly kept gardens!) Your beautiful homes, your delightful luncheons and beautiful, delightful teas in broad daylight, not to mention dinners, and better trained service, more variety and better dishes, and, except in rare cases, better average cooking, fruits and vegetables from all the world, all the year 'round, good schools and well-educated daughters and sons, music of the best and as often as you like. (We only had

a concert or two in a year. To be sure, we had Jenny Lind, Patti, Strakosch, and Ole Bull.) Pictures and exhibitions all the time, and, as I said before, we might *never* have had them, had it not been for our beloved friend Mr. Sellstedt and his untiring and almost life-long work.

Most of your houses are better planned, and home and travel alike attractive and ready for you, happier and easier for everyone.

This is all better, if you let it be so. The simple life does not altogether consist in self deprivation, in inconvenience, in heroic "doing without." It is in the mental attitude of content, of industry, of self-respect, refinement, honest, straightforward dealing with others, of loving attention to important trifles, in care and consideration for one's own family and close friends, and even strangers. In short, by whatever name it be called, it amounts to the same thing. Call it the Simple Life, the New Thought, this or that, or the New Church, etc.; it can be called anything, but for all soul growth, all pure and worthy life, there has never been any improvement upon the theory and practice of the Sermon on the Mount.

In one respect I see gain. It is in the love, kindness, and attention paid to us, the seniors. Our mothers did not have half so good times as we do—as we have today, and especially is your consideration shown in your interest and patience in listening so long to my old stories.

NOTE.—The allusion on page 156 to the burning of the Eagle-street theater should perhaps have a word of comment. The story that Lola Montez, Countess of Landsfeld, caused the fire with her cigarette, has long had vogue, but so far as the present compiler is aware, it lacks proof. She had been playing there, was displeased with her reception—in fact, got very angry about it, claiming she was insulted,—and after the performance, May 10, 1852, had her wardrobe and effects removed from the house. Early the next morning, the theater burned down. The fire is said to have been due to faulty structural conditions and the dilapidated state of the heating arrangements. Lola Montez gave a performance the next evening in the Museum, a small hall on Washington street. The Buffalo papers of the time make no mention of the cigarette story.

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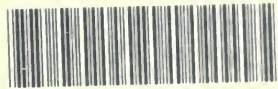
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